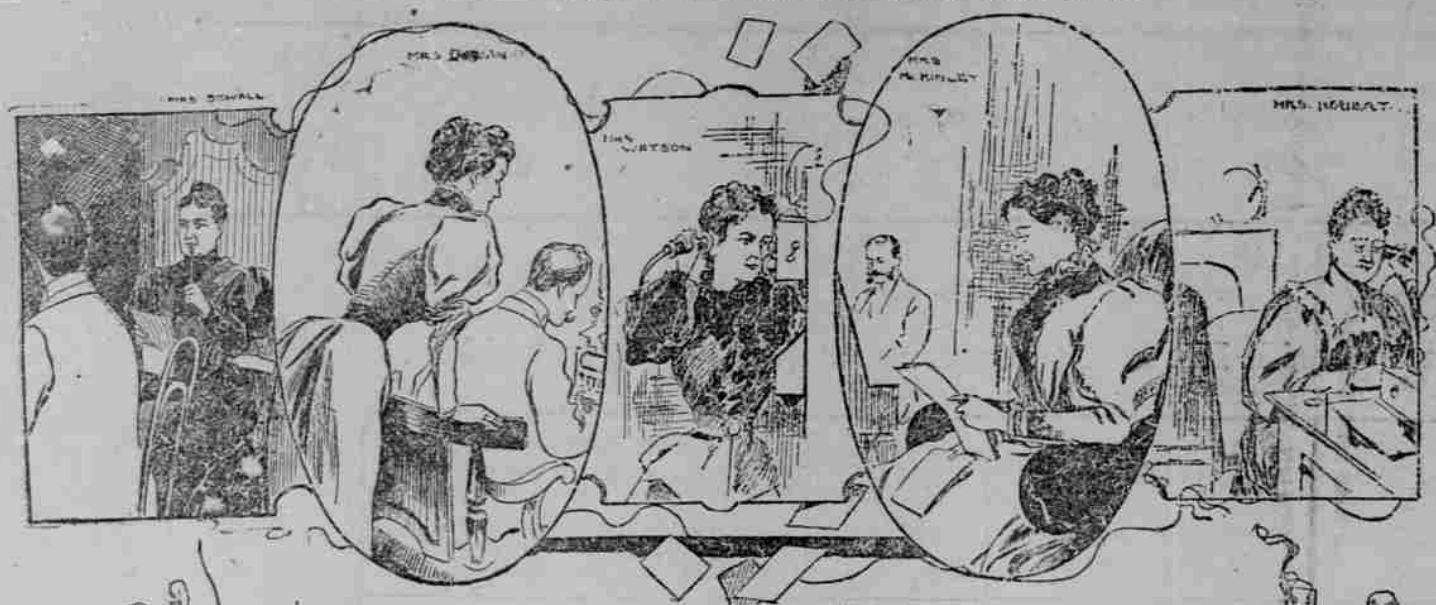


TWENTY-SIXTH YEAR.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, SUNDAY NOVEMBER 1, 1896.

NUMBER 343

## HOW CANDIDATES' WIVES WILL RECEIVE THE NEWS ON ELECTION DAY.



## FATE ON THE WIRES.

## HOW THE CANDIDATES' WIVES WILL HEAR THE NEWS.

They Dread Election Day—All Are Sure of Their Husbands' Success, but They Acknowledge the Anxiety Will Be a Terrible Strain.

When the polls have been closed on Tuesday evening next and the millions of people in this broad land are gulping down busy dinners, intent upon rushing away at the earliest possible moment to some place of vantage where the election returns can be seen, few individuals, probably of these tens of anxious millions will stop to think of what is going on in the homes of those most concerned—the men who are being whirled aloft to the utmost pinnacle of ambition, or are being plunged into the darkest holes of despair and disappointment.

If one of the new fangled machines which measure the emotions of the human structure were attached to McKinley, Bryan, Sewall or Hobart, on the eventful evening, it would tell a wonderful story, but if it were fastened to the wives of any of these gentlemen—how much more wonderful? Each of these women has been keyed up to the highest pitch of excitement and anxiety for the past four months, and if men cannot understand it, the women of the country can picture what they will go through on Tuesday next. To one of her Canton friends, Mrs. McKinley said a few days ago: "I dread the coming of election day; not, of course," she added with loyal warmth, "that I doubt Mr. McKinley's election. But if I could go to sleep peacefully on Monday night and not wake up until Wednesday morning, it would be such a relief. It may sound cowardly, but it is the truth." And, if they have not said it, even the wife of a candidate in this presidential campaign, doubtless feels the same as Mrs. McKinley.

## THE MCKINLEY ARRANGEMENTS.

But one and all of them will face the ordeal courageously. Many days ago the arrangements were completed in each household for the receipt of the news which will make or unmake their husbands. A private telephone wire has been in the McKinley house at Canton since the St. Louis convention, and this will be connected with the Republican headquarters at Chicago on Tuesday for the handling of the important news of the day. In addition, there is a telephone in the house, and this will be kept red hot by the local enthusiasts, who hope to beat the telegraph operator in transmitting the return.

Mrs. McKinley's anxiety as she scans these messages can be easily imagined, but her emotions will not be as acute as those of another lady who will be a member of the small family party on the momentous day. The latter is Mrs. McKinley, mother of the Republican candidate. "My boy William," she fondly speaks of him, has managed to spend a small portion of each day with the old lady ever since the campaign began, and she has displayed more anxiety about the result than anyone else. She has managed to keep her affairs throughout the campaign very closely, notwithstanding her 80 years, and every day for the past two weeks she has confided this piece of political wisdom to her daughter-in-law. "All we want, my dear, is Illinois. When I know that William has got Illinois, I will feel easy," And Mrs. McKinley, the wife, who is really an authority on political matters, firmly agrees with Mrs. McKinley, the mother.

So when the news from Illinois comes in, these two ladies will experience more joy or grief in a few minutes than falls to the lot of most women in a life-time.

## IN THE BRYAN HOME.

A telegraph wire running into the modest frame home of the Bryans in Lincoln and connecting with Democratic headquarters at Chicago will carry the news of election day to the sturdy little wife who has linked herself so actively to the work of the campaign. Mrs. Bryan, by her travels throughout the country, is better informed than any of the other wives of the candidates, and knowing every doubtful spot in all parts of the country, she will be able at a comparatively early hour to decide for herself which way the nation is going.

Like Mrs. McKinley, she will be more eager for news from Illinois than from any other state. In fact, as soon as her husband secured the nomination, Mrs. Bryan foresaw the importance of Illinois in the fight, and it was due to her urgent expressed wish that the Democratic headquarters were located in Chicago. But if favorable news comes in from Indiana or Iowa before returns from Illinois are received, Mrs. Bryan will feel happy, for she argues

that very nearly the same conditions exist in each of these three states, and that the indications in one will point the direction of the others.

There are a number of Mrs. Bryan's Lincoln friends who would like to spend election day with her, but the house party will be small, owing to the limited accommodations. Besides, the three children, from little Grace, who has not yet seen her 4th birthday, and in consequence has but a hazy idea of the whole matter, to William, who will soon be 18, and Ruth, who has all the wisdom of 11 years, have been promised permission to sit up until they know whether they are going to the White House to be the first children of the land, or to remain at Lincoln as the children of a plain American citizen.

## THE VICE PRESIDENTIAL WIVES.

Of course the wives of the vice presidential candidates are just as anxious to know what fate will bring them on election day as the wives of McKinley, Bryan, Sewall or Hobart, who are trying for the highest position in the land. Mrs. Hobart, the wife of McKinley's running mate, has followed every move in the campaign closely and knows quite as much about the condition of affairs as her husband. Besides Mrs. Hobart has a hereditary love of politics, her father having always lived in a political atmosphere. In event of Republican success, many of the duties of the "first lady of the land" will devolve upon Mrs. Hobart, by reason of Mrs. McKinley's invalidism, and this makes the contest all the more interesting to the wife of the New Jersey statesman.

Imposing home of the Hobarts at Patuxent will be connected by wire with the New York headquarters, and news will be ticked off a few seconds after its arrival at the latter place. Mrs. Hobart says that she will know all about it by 10 o'clock in the evening, because she knows the condition in every county in the middle west states, and when the first two or three reports come in she can use them as an indication of how the others are going.

Mrs. Sewall, the wife of the Maine shipbuilder, is the least concerned of all the candidates. Politics are not to her liking, and if she could have her way, her husband would never have entered the campaign. She dreads publicity, and if the fates should call Mr. Sewall to Washington, Mrs. Sewall will take little part in the social life of the capital. Her health is not of the best, and for some years she has lived in a small house in her great mansion at Bath.

But Mrs. Sewall is interested in the outcome of the campaign, and, while not causing her a particle of distress on her own account should her husband suffer defeat, she is too good a wife not to feel anxious. A telegraph wire connected with headquarters of a news association will carry the news to the Sewall home, and Mrs. Sewall has announced her intention of keeping track of the returns until the question is settled.

## ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Henri Comte, who for several years was the present czarina's instructor in French literature, has written a charming account of her childhood and early womanhood. The manner of her bringing up, her education, her friendships, the principles of her grandmother, the good Queen Victoria. The Grand Duchess Alice, in writing to the queen, once said, as to the education of her children: "I strive to bring them up totally free from pride of their position, which is nothing save what their personal worth can make of, and I feel so entirely as you do on the difference of rank and how all-important it is for princes and princesses to realize that they are nothing better or worse than others save through their merit, and that they have only the double duty of living for others and of being an example to them."

These ideas differ somewhat from those which governed the education of the Grand Daughters of France, or of Charles II. in England. And the great Russian may well be thankful because of this.

The educational routine of the court of Denmark before the present czarina was born of this modern time is made up of work in order to be fitted for what are rank. Seven o'clock was the hour of rising. From breakfast until the midday promenade either on foot or on horseback, the time was given up to study. Beyond the elemental course of English in particular, which the princesses were made to talk fluently at an early age, the lighter accomplishments, such as music, drawing, painting and dancing, and a knowledge of the art of cooking, in the afternoon there was a carriage ride to the palace, and then the duties of study were resumed. Once a week there was a holiday and a ball, and the old-fashioned childish amusements, with dolls, etc., were indulged. Instead of these princesses had instructive toys, such as phonographs, telephones, photographic apparatus, magic lanterns, etc., and were encouraged in all the hygienic sports, equestrianism, canoeing, croquet, tennis, skating, cycling. The czarina is a fearless rider both of horse and bicycle. As to pocket money, the czarina received until she was 8 years old, 12 cents a day, from her 8th to her 12th year 25 cents a day, and from her 12th to her 16th year, 50 cents a day. From that time she began to be treated as a young woman; her short dresses were laid aside, and she was given her first real article of jewelry and table, instead of the principal family table, of the small one. She was allowed evening amusement and traveled during the vacations. But her education continued until she was married to the czar.

## THE PENITENTIES.

Barbaric Self-Inflicted Torture Still Practiced in the United States—These Descendants of the Ancient Aztecs Gather Together Every Year to Atone For Their Wrong Doings by Lashing Themselves With Whips of Cactus, and Undergoing Other Forms of Self-Punishment—A Cowboy's Cruel Joke.

The enlightened public hardly credit the fact that, not half way to California, are a race of people who still cling to the barbarous fanatical practice introduced by the early Jesuit priests. In Colorado, New Mexico and Texas there is a class of enthusiasts styled "Penitentes," descendants of the ancient Aztecs, the native inhabitants of Mexico. These Penitentes congregate at convenient localities once every year to atone by self-inflicted tortures for their sins, thinking thereby to obtain absolution and believing that any crime they may have perpetrated during the preceding year will by these vigorous means be wholly pardoned.

A favorite method of the Penitentes for the atonement of ordinary sins, such as drinking, gambling and petty larceny, is to form in single file, led by a priest (one of their comrades blessed with the gift of being able to read and write, and with the ability to proceed with becoming dignity). Behind the priest come two musicians, one playing a native hymn on a fluting flute, the other extemporizing upon a huge rotary rattle. The procession moves off slowly, to accommodate the necessary slow progress of the Penitentes, some of whom drag long fetters to their bare ankles by cotton chains. The flutist blows furiously, and the man with the rattle executes some very clever Indian club specialties with his never ceasing rattle. This clatter is made absolutely necessary in order to drive all evil spirits from the sanctified circle which they now process in. Upon a warm day the musicians as well as the Penitentes perspire quite profusely.

When we call to mind the experience China has had with a certain western nation, it might not be considered strange if his attachment to foreigners was not very ardent; but in all his public life he has conducted himself as if he were the need of foreign aid, and is disposed to give it proper welcome, and of all Chinese statesmen he is the most liberal-minded and free from prejudice. He is far from claiming that the present system of government is perfect. He has, in fact, urged upon the authorities at Peking two important changes which look to a reform of the most



ATONING FOR THEIR WRONG DOINGS.

presumably invoking forgiveness and blessings from the gods who have signed their willingness to repent of horse-stealing, gambling and even of murder. Another hymn is sung, and the men, dressed in short cut to their ankle chapel, or for lack of such, to a large loincloth. When the hymn is finished, the men, who are of various ages, and some are of sufficient strength, come forth stripped to the waist, and are each given a whip of cactus and prickly pear stalks, until the flesh is raw.

On which the writer was present, an old woman crept upon bare knees along a path strewn with cactus, glass and gravel, from an adobe chapel to a cabin, a distance of 100 yards. Others not knowing how to swim, cast themselves into deep water along the river, and if by bad management, all escaped drowning it was of course considered a happy miracle, calling forth loud praise. At night the rather intricate ceremonies, and accompanying this din the music of tin pans, jangling of chains and exhortations in an unknown tongue, probably a mixture of Aztec and Mexican, and accompanying this din the music of the inevitable tin flute and rattle. He was so interested that several dark forms were not observed sneaking stealthily around the cabin corner, till the faint clatter of spurs was heard. He decreed that he would not be asked for admission tickets and for lack of flying apparatus sprinted for the river near by, with the Penitentes hot on his trail. His youthful training, however, enabled him to reach there first, and over the bluff into the water he sprang. He was never so thankful that he had played "hokey" from school to learn the art of swimming.

A ranchman of undoubted veracity told of a cruel joke some cowboys, he among the number, perpetrated upon a band of Penitentes in New Mexico. The cowboys had been to a neighboring village after a three month's "round-up" and were returning to camp in jubilant spirits, primed for anything in the way of deviltry. They passed the camp of Penitentes when acromenies were at their height. One brawny Mexican was industriously thrashing a whip made of cactus whips, and the cowboys noted the free flow of the shoulders. One of them suggested that he would "rope the sufferer if his



## THEY ARE SEVEN.

I met a dainty summer girl  
She was not old, she said,  
Her hair was thick with many a curl  
That clustered round her head.

She had no rustic woodland air,  
And she was surely classier  
She wore upon her face so fair  
A look that made me sad.

## CHANG'S LIBERAL VIEWS.

## Feels the Need of Foreign Aid and Would Welcome It.

It is claimed that notwithstanding Li Hung Chang has shown some liberality of views toward modern improvement and education, he is at heart a hater of foreigners and has an abiding faith in Chinese institutions and methods of government, says Century. He is, it is true, a great admirer of Confucian philosophy, and remembering the enduring history of his people we can hardly wonder at his devotion to the institutions which have made that history possible.

When we call to mind the experience China has had with a certain western nation, it might not be considered strange if his attachment to foreigners was not very ardent; but in all his public life he has conducted himself as if he were the need of foreign aid, and is disposed to give it proper welcome, and of all Chinese statesmen he is the most liberal-minded and free from prejudice. He is far from claiming that the present system of government is perfect. He has, in fact, urged upon the authorities at Peking two important changes which look to a reform of the most



## RELICS UNEARTHED.

An interesting find in the Harvard College grounds. Students of antiquity at Harvard college and many everyday philosophers are interested in a find unearthed within a few days on the college grounds, old Cambridge, says the Boston Globe. On the site of some of the old buildings, being removed to widen the square, newspapers of the year 1890 and copper coins have been found. One of the tattered newspapers bears date of July 8, 1890, and the word "Telegraph" on the title page. Another paper bears date of August 11, 1890, and the word "Constitution" or "Constitutional" at the top of the first page. The papers are badly discolored from age and exposure.

## TOO REALISTIC.

Some believe that the paper bearing the word Telegraph was an early issue of the Boston Daily Telegraph, which is preserved in the Harvard college library as far back as 1824. The typography of the papers is in the style of the period of their publication, and quite representative in the matter of advertisements of the early business life and conditions in Boston. Politics are discussed with almost as much energy as the present day. As an instance, reference is made to Hamilton and Jefferson, the former being referred to in such elegant terms as "A

notorious Jacobin, alias Democrat, alias Republican." The eight coppers found have found a place with the other relics of the Harvard college library.

## UP-TO-DATE BURGLAR.

## Breaks Into Safes With Machinery and Saves Time.

The modern burglar is adopting modern appliances. The jimmy bids fair to become a relic of the past before long. A recent burglary in France illustrates this fact, says the New York Journal.

A gang of ingenious cracksmen entered a banker's office armed with a steel saw of the newest construction and a handy little gas engine. There was no need for the exercise of muscle, nor was there any necessity for a good strong wrist at the saw as there was at one time in the annals of famous robberies.

The little engine was started, the saw put in the proper place, and the cracksmen made. Seating themselves serenely upon a couple of chairs near at hand, these modern burglars watched the true and rapid work of their appliances.

The big safe might have resisted for hours the force of human hands, but the saw, impelled by the engine, it could not stand against. It promptly yielded up its contents of over \$5,000 worth of gold and bonds, and in a quarter of the time it would have taken to have committed the robbery under the old conditions the burglars were well out of the building with their booty.

## THEY ARE SEVEN.

I met a dainty summer girl  
She was not old, she said,  
Her hair was thick with many a curl  
That clustered round her head.

She had no rustic woodland air,  
And she was surely classier  
She wore upon her face so fair  
A look that made me sad.

"Tell me what ails you, pretty maid,  
That you so soon may be?"  
"Alas! they're seven all," she said,  
And looked dejectedly.

"But what are they?" I pruned tell."  
She answered, "Seven there be,  
Two bruises on my ankle dwell,  
And two upon my knee."

"Two of them on my arm do lie  
They came when with Pan's brother;  
The seventh gave me this black eye—  
You see how blue the other."

"You go about, my winsome maid;  
Your limbs they are yet whole?"  
"Oh, yes, a fleeting smile betrayed  
The sadness of her soul."

"Why do you ride the wheel, my dear,  
If it is the result of love?"  
She said: "I'd ride in without fear  
Though 'twas a catapult!"

"No matter if they're seventy,  
Unto my wheel is given  
My heart, for ever true. Yet still  
Of headers I have had my fill.  
My bruises they are seven."  
—MARY E. NIXON IN NEW YORK SUN.

## ABOUT US WOMEN.

If you can't have an entire skirt lining of silk, at least have a dust ruffle. It is really quite deceiving when you raise your gown at muddy crossings.

To wear correct mourning is an expensive process. Shabby black is the most forlorn of all attire; therefore, to grieve decorously one must spend considerable money.

It is said that we all possess the privilege of the formation of our mouths. If this is so, it is well to guard against those grimaces that habit sometimes runs us into.

If the postman realizes how perfectly lovely he becomes to the woman expecting the letter he brings, the "swollen head" of the actor would be but a shrunken bean in comparison. Mrs. Leslie Verter wears a little enameled four-leaf clover, which she considers her mascot. It has never been laid aside for one moment since she entered upon her stage career.

Even after you have acquired the age when you are supposed to be self-reliant, how many times would you give all to be a child again, with a mother's love surrounding your every footstep?

Is there any time in one's life when fatigue is so absolutely controlling as the moment following the departure of the last guest after one of our desperate efforts to give a social function that shall be out of the ordinary?

Hewlett Bros. Three Crown spices are stronger and better than the imported, because they are ground to order fresh every day.



## TOO REALISTIC.

"That's all my land, as far as I can see."  
"Indeed! And how far's that?"

## TOO REALISTIC.

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From Judy.  
"Last night I dreamt I was dead."  
"Yes—did it end?"  
"I awoke with the heat."

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	ASSETS JAN. 1, 1896.
Liverpool and London and Globe, England	\$53,949,990
Hartford Insurance Co., Hartford	9,229,213
German American Insurance Co., New York	6,589,069
Pennsylvania Insurance Co., Philadelphia	4,461,213
American Fire Insurance Co., Philadelphia	2,409,584
North British and Mercantile, England	50,000,000
Insurance Co. of North America, Philadelphia	5,487,673
Hamburg-Bremen	1,442,723
Williamsburg City, New York	1,536,635
British-American Assurance Co., Toronto	2,000,000
Teutonia Insurance Co., New Orleans	579,820
Niagara of New York	2,189,879

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The only local insurance company in the Inter-Mountain Region.

"Say!" we are not advertising for fun. Advertising cost us money, and when we call your attention to our advertisement we mean every word in it. When we say we have the

Finest and Largest Assortment of

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west of the river, every word is true. Call and see our displays in this line. Everything is fresh and sweet, no old stock.

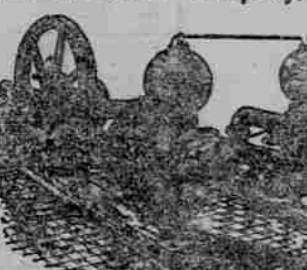
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WHOLESALE  
**DRY GOODS**  
BROADWAY

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To Whose representatives we have just sold a Reidler Pump, capacity 500 gallons per minute against a head of 1,000 feet. Also Reidler Pumps to W. S. Stratton, Independence Mine, Colorado, Montana Mining Co., and many others.

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Respectfully announces to the general public that they have received a car load of ranges, cook and heating stoves manufactured by the Great Western Stove company, and are prepared to offer the above at prices cheaper than ever. We invite an inspection of the above goods before purchasing elsewhere.

Tinning in all its branches, plumbing, gas and steam heating done by competent workmen at lowest prices.

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## Cheese Flakes

A DAIRY AND DELICIOUS AFTER DINNER BISCUIT OR FOR LUNCHEON.

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## American Biscuit and Manufacturing Co.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH. PACKED ONLY IN CARTONS.

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